

The Rutherford Star.

A Weekly Republican Paper, Published every Thursday by CARPENTER & LOGAN, RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Rates of Subscription:
One Copy, 1 year, \$2.00
" " 6 months, 1.00
" " 3 months, .75
To those who get up clubs of five or more subscribers, one copy will be furnished gratis.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
DR. J. W. HARRIS,
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice. Office in the Andrew Moore House, first door above J. W. Harris's Store.

DR. J. M. CRATON,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
OFFERS his professional services to his old friends, and the public generally. Office at his Drug Store.

DR. O. HICKS,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
CONTINUES the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, in Rutherford and the surrounding counties. Charges moderate. Office in the Andrew Moore House, first door above J. W. Harris's Store.

J. L. CARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections made in any part of the State. Office at his Drug Store.

M. H. JUTICE,
Attorney at Law,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Claims collected in all parts of the State. Office at his Drug Store.

DENTISTRY.
DR. B. H. PADGETT,
A Regular Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Science, and an operator on the Teeth of twenty years' personal experience. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Charlotte Hotel.
MATTHEWS & STEVENS, Proprietors.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
This old and well-known Hotel has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished. And every comfort added that will ensure the pleasure of its guests. The table supplied with the best market affords, and waited on by attentive servants.

Granger's Hotel.
(FORMERLY GRISWOLD'S)
F. A. GRANGER & CO., Proprietors,
GILDSBORO, N. C.
All Rail Roads centering at and passing this place, have their Ticket Offices in this Hotel. Passengers going South, East and West, find it here.

LIBERAL SALARY.—Will be paid agents, male or female, to canvass for THE OLD FATHER, BUCKLEY, a ten-cent publication in the West. Persons connected with Good Templars or other Temperance organizations, or those who have had some experience in canvassing, will be engaged permanently at a salary of from \$75 to \$100 per month. Address: COWEN & PROUTMAN, Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE COSMIC DIAL with a rotating central disk, our beautiful chart of the Northern Hemisphere, the present time may be obtained all around the earth; with the difference in time between any two points East or West. It may be set at any time—just a necessity in the school room, illustrating the relation of time at a glance. Price per mail, \$1. Address: W. F. GARDNER, Editor, State League, Syracuse, N. Y.

CARRIAGE SHOP.
J. B. CARPENTER & CO.,
(OPPOSITE THE JAIL)
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
134.

AGENTS WANTED.
SEND 15 cents for a specimen number of the CAROLINA FARMER, containing splendid List of Premiums for new subscribers. Active Agents are making \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day. Address: W. M. H. BERNARD, Proprietor, Wilmington, N. C.

DR. G. CODDIN,
GENTIAN BITTERS.
Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Colic, Sick Stomach, Brucellosis, Acidity, etc. Prepared only by Dr. N. A. H. CODDIN and for sale everywhere.

The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

THE BRIDAL EVE.
The night before the bride, And our quiet happy hours, To-morrow will be lonely. For one, will then be gone, There's a smile of patient sadness Upon our mother's face. As she performs each household task, With her accustomed grace. And the children waste round her, Forgetting to be gay. For, from the land to-morrow, One will be gone away!

In the cozy pleasant chamber, Where we have always slept, To-morrow and to-morrow, One sister will be left. There's a little hair-worm slither Tossed idly on the floor, And her hat just where she left it On the table by the door!

The moonbeams look upon us now, The beams so cold and white Fall on the -very bridal robe, Making it shiver white. On the veil and orange blossoms, And the bride's white gown, I cannot tear the brightness. I must hide them all away; Now my darling's face it shows, She is smiling in her joy, I must hide them all away; Now my darling's face it shows, She is smiling in her joy, I must hide them all away;

Oh, I've always heard that gladness Came with the wedding day; But to-morrow will be dreary, For one goes far away!

FADING BEAUTY.
The green is fading from each leaf, The flowers die on the soil; The whispering winds have almost hushed The murmuring of the rill. The sun that lit the earth with gold, Now sinks to its rest, And hangs a crimson banner out, To brighten up the West.

The song birds, too, have ceased to sing Among the fading flowers, And it's a requiem singing there For summer's dying hours! And every nature seems to mourn, To weep a light moment's time, Yet fading beauty lingers on Each leaf and flower's shrine.

How can they say the summer time Is sweeter than the winter? Oh! are not autumn's wistful leaves More beautiful than a May? And can the bright blush of the rose, However soft and fair, Be so joyous as the laugh Of a dying bell's chime?

Oh! No!—let others weep to see The beautiful summer fade; There is a weaver's loom in the air, And in autumn's mellow shade! The withered flowers that drop and die—Each seed and yellow rose—Seems to bid an adieu to this life, No fading more to bid.

The flush must fade from every cheek, The lustre from every eye, And all things beautiful must fade, For all were made to die! The sun must leave the laughing lip, And joyous hours depart. For death's cold touch at last will chill—The mountain of the heart.

THE YELLOW RIBBON.
Dr. Annan sat at his office, casting up yearly accounts. "Yes," he said, after careful consideration, "I think I can get a carpet and some new chairs here next year. I want one new chair any way," moving uneasily; "I ought to paint and paper, too. I wonder if I could afford to do both? If I made my old harness last, I could; perhaps I can find a second-hand one."

Like many other country physicians, Dr. Annan though well educated and of unusual ability, was poor. His was a hard, prosaic life to one of his temperament and culture, but he saw no gleam of hope in the future. There he was settled there he must die.

He was interrupted by a summons to a lady visitor at the rectory. In a moment he had slipped from the dignity of office and his dusty figures to a room filled with bits of tinsels, in the shape of rich bright shawls and jewels, with fragments of Persian fancies, with flower cups displaying the hues and glow of a last summer's heaven, and on a sofa a woman, pressing her hand to her brow.

Dr. Annan sat down by her, laid his finger on her pulse, and looked down on her face. Where had she come from, this creature of creamy delicacy and deep sparkling bloom, with full rich life kindling every fibre? In the world, whence she had wandered hither, were there others like her, fit to be her mates nurtured as she had been living the life she had lived? Dr. Annan was a plain country doctor, thirty years old, just from calculations about a second-hand harness; but as he sat with his hand on that hot brow, he was afraid his reflections were not exactly of nerve disturbance and his infallible pharmacopoeia.

"Have you been subject to these attacks?" he asked at length. "Yes," answered Miss Eno, for the last few weeks. This is the worst though."

Rates of Advertising:
One inch to constitute a square. One square one insertion, \$1.00. Each subsequent insertion, .50. For advertising a candidate, \$3.00. Liberal discounts made, by special contract, to large advertisers. Circulars charged 25 per cent high. Extraordinary advertising arrangements held responsible for the same. Job Work done with neatness and dispatch at prices corresponding with the time. Letters must be addressed to CARPENTER & LOGAN, Rutherfordton, N. C.

JOE WORK.
OF ALL DESCRIPTION.
Executed with neatness and dispatch.

Fate Retorts.
A party of young Americans were standing in front of an ancient soldier's shop, kept by one Hans, a Dutchman. Mischief reigned supreme in their number, and thinking to have some sport with our German friend, one of them opened the door and addressed him:

"Say, German, have you any medicine for dogs?"

Looking up quite composedly, from his work, he replied: "Yaw, come in and dry you on."

That was not quite so good as the sort of a young son of Erin, aged about eight years. He was ragged and dirty, and some country excursionists overtaking him in the road, thinking to make some sport out of him, one of them said:

"Say, bub, have you seen an old Indian squaw coming along this way, with nothing but a white sheet around her and a knife in her pocket?"

"Holy Patrick!" said the boy, quick as lightning, "have ye lost yer mother?"

A correspondent writes from Monroe, La., Aug. 20, as follows: "The cotton crops are now universally pronounced to be the best ever known since the settlement of the country. We got a bad start in the cotton grew but little until June, when the seasons seemed to have been just what was needed ever since, and while the crop is backward—perhaps two weeks later than usual—yet the plant is very large & loaded with fruit from the ground up. I have heard of farmers on a few places and in small numbers, but no one anticipates any serious damage to the crop. We will make all we can gather, and expecting also remunerative prices. This country will have some money to spend next fall and winter."

The same writer says: "The North Louisiana and Texas railroad from Monroe, on the Osage, to Vicksburg, will be entirely finished by the 11th of October, thus bridging the Mississippi valley."

A vacation of ours passing up the streets a few days ago, picked up a tin can. He stood for a moment meditating on the probable owner, when he said to his wife: "Look at that tin can! It was the fair life of the weaver."

Just as he had finished, a big, fat, ugly colored woman looked out an upper window, and said: "Boss, jus please from dat fable in de entry, I jus drop it."

Accepted Masons.
At an inn in the west of England several people were sitting around a fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other parts of the house, and among the company there was a traveling woman and a tailor.

In this inn there was a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held, and it being lodge night, several of the members passed through the kitchen on their way to the apartments. This introduced observations on the principles of Masonry, and the occult signs by which Masons could be known to one another.

The woman said that there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for that she could show any body the Mason's sign.

Brigham Young in Trouble.
The following dispatch was published in the San Francisco papers: SALT LAKE, Aug. 13.—During a meeting on Wednesday, Alexander Smith characterized Brigham Young's system as the vilest iniquity that ever blurred the earth. Brigham Young announced meetings every Sunday in opposition to the preaching of the Smiths.

The San Francisco Chronicle says: Up to a recent period Brigham Young himself was in the habit of saying he held the headship of the Church in trust for David Smith, and that he would come among them, adopt all their habits and customs, including polygamy, and be their guide. He is now about 24 years of age, and is in Utah claiming that by divine revelation he, and not Brigham Young, is the rightful authority. The latter, however, is loath to give up his power, and not only has denied the sons of Joseph Smith, the use of the Tabernacle in which to preach, but has absolutely forbidden the people from going to listen to them. The Gentiles of that city have a hall which was built for religious services at the time Gen. Conner was in command at that place. This hall was used by Episcopal ministers, has been placed at the service of David Smith's brother. The Mormons, in spite of the prohibition, a -demonstrated Brigham, flock in crowds to hear him. Brigham is said to be much alarmed, and does not know how effectually to end this new difficulty. The traditions of the Church are all in favor of David Smith, and the dissatisfaction is -preparing fast and wide. It is even said that it had reached the very family of Brigham himself, and that some of them believe the latter should give way. If the Government will protect these young men it may prove the best means of solving the Mormon problem. They denounce polygamy as not a part of the true Mormon faith, and their preach loyalty to the Government and the abolition of the onerous tithing system. Though they have been but a few weeks in Utah the effect is apparent, and it is reported that they have already a large number of adherents. All loyal citizens must earnestly wish them success.

A Terrible Case of Hydrophobia.
The following paragraph appears in the French papers: "On the 3d inst., one Jean Lombard, 18 years of age, a farm laborer at Champfongueuil near Chalons, was attacked by hydrophobia, and attempted to bite several persons, and succeeded in biting a dog. He then went home to his friends at Sassenay. Information was given to the police. On their arrival they found Lombard at the door of his father's house. He was foaming at the mouth, and inspired such terror that no one dared go near him. The presence of the police having reassured the father and a few of the neighbors, they coaxed him into a room, locked it, carefully barred all the issues. Lombard, however, made no attempt to escape, but asked for some white wine, which was let down to him through the roof. One of his friends having offered to go and tend him, he replied, 'You had better not. I shall bite you.' He died at 3 o'clock in the morning after a night of torture. Feeling that he was dying he requested the cure to be sent to him. The cure came to him, and administered the consolation of religion through a hole in the window. Lombard had been bitten six months ago, but had not the wound cauterized."

Not So Hard.
A Michigan sheriff, and the misfortune to lose a prisoner, who escaped with nothing but his shirt. The same night, the wife of a neighbor presented him with a promising baby. He on hearing the officer's inquiries, thought to help him in securing his prisoner. He therefore informed the sheriff that a fellow had suddenly appeared at his house in the night, perfectly naked, acting quite strangely, and refusing to say anything about himself, and that he had shut him up there till he could find out more about him. The officer's eyes stuck out like a steer's in the corn. That stranger was his huckleberry, and he posted for his friend's residence with a pair of handcuffs to make sure of him. Arrived there, he demanded to see the nocturnal visitor, when the nurse astonished his vision with the sight of a respectably got-up baby. "They do not refuse to make correct experiments, in a small way, of many new things. They plant their fruit trees well, care for them, and of course they have good crops. Successful farming is made up by attention to the little things. The farmer who does his best, sows his money with best appreciation, and uses it with best results. Such men are the 'salt of the earth.'"

one of the queens of society. Both are brighter, better and happier. Was it impulse, as she thinks, that took Miss Eno back to Groton? Or was it something deeper of which she was not conscious? Blind chance is but a poor explanation. At any rate, impulse or not, two lives but for it would not have been married.

Boy Supposed to be Frightened to Death.
A sad occurrence is thus related to us as taking place in Orange County last week. Two sons of Mr. David May—one 14, the other 12 years of age, went on Wednesday last, to the mill of Mr. Atkinson, two miles from home, for the purpose of fishing. About 12 o'clock, the younger went home, leaving his brother winding up his line, as is to follow. He stated, on arriving home, that his brother was complaining of being sick. At night when Mr. May, who keeps the mill of Mr. John F. Lyons, arrived home, he found that the boy had not returned. In company with three men bearing torches, he set off in search of him. No traces of him were found that night, nor on Thursday. By this time all the neighbors had gathered in the search.

On Friday, a Mrs. Carden, discovered her husband, who was missing, at her residence, and going to the spot, discovered the body of the missing boy, partially mutilated by the buzzards. The tracks of the boy to this spot were discovered, and traced back to the river bank, where there were signs of his having been lying on the bank. His tracks across a field showed that he was running, as they sometimes crossed two corn rows at one jump.

The boy was very timid for his age, and it is supposed he lay down on the river bank and fell asleep, and did not awake until after dark; on awakening, and perhaps seeing the watch of those in search of him, he became frightened and commenced running and continued until exhausted, when he fell, and died from the effects of fright and exhaustion.—Sentinel.

Put the Rascal Out!
While the congregation were collecting at church, on a certain occasion, an old dark, hard-featured, skin-and-bone individual was seen wending his way up the aisle, and taking his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of that class who detested written sermons, and as for prayers, he thought they ought to be natural out-pourings of the heart. After the singing was concluded, they were as usual called to prayer. The genius we have intruded, did not kneel, but leaned his head devotionally upon his pew. The minister began by saying: "Father of all, in every age, by saint and savage adored."

"Pope!" said a low but clear voice near old hard-features. The minister, after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice, continued: "Whose throne sitteth on the adamantine hills of Paradise?"

"Milton!" again interrupted the voice. "We thank thee, most gracious Father, that we are permitted once more to assemble in Thy name, while others, equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that home from which no traveler returns."

"Shakespeare!" again interrupted the voice. "This was too much. 'Put that impudent rascal out!'" shouted the minister.

"Original!" ejaculated the voice, in the same calm but provoking manner.

How Good Farmers Save Money.
They take good papers and read them. They keep account of farm operations. They do not leave their farm implements scattered over the farm, exposed to the rain, snow and heat. They repair tools and buildings at the proper time, and do not suffer a threefold expenditure of time and money.

They use their money judiciously and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is "cheap."

They do not refuse to make correct experiments, in a small way, of many new things. They plant their fruit trees well, care for them, and of course they have good crops. Successful farming is made up by attention to the little things. The farmer who does his best, sows his money with best appreciation, and uses it with best results. Such men are the 'salt of the earth.'"

A knowing traveler out West, who had chartered half a bed in a crowded hotel, and was determined to have the better half, buckled a spur on his heel before turning in. His unfortunate sleeping partner bore the infliction as long as he could, and at last roared out: "Say, stranger, if you're a gentleman, you ought to cut your toe-nails."

Dr. Annan understood it, and took up his hat. "Give me something of yours to keep," he said, hesitatingly. She took from her arm a little fancy bracelet tied with a knot of amber ribbon. He placed it next his heart.

The next morning in his office, Dr. Annan heard the rumble of a carriage. He stepped out upon his little wooden stoop and saw the enchantress pass. She yawned her hand to him. He gazed after the carriage till it turned the corner to the railroad station, entirely out of sight; then his eyes wandered vacantly to the hills across the river. How low and dim they looked. How dry, matted and dusky the grass at the side of the street! How shabby the little yellow house! How mean and pretentious the smart glistening Gothic villas at the end of the row. He turned into his den again and drew the bolt.

Five years rolled around. At the high window of the St. Nicholas in New York, stood Miss Eno, in a sad and weary attitude. She had just returned from Europe. She was looking at the gleams of light spring into the windows around, and speculating on the riches gathered inside; watching the human stream below—in particular one little body with wooden shoes and bundle, who threaded her way eagerly, but without nervousness, and with a certain, happy, cheerful gait, which told that she was going to a home and had a loving heart to rest upon.

Miss Eno suddenly turned to her companion and said, "Ermina, you know I believe in impulses! I have one to go and see Mrs. Everett, the minister's wife, in Groton, for a few days. You will not be afraid to stay here alone without me?"

Ermina Starr turned slowly around. "Now, Zara, there is something behind this! a scheme of some kind."

"I never thought of it till within the last five minutes, Ermina. I'll be back perhaps, in two days."

Zarah turned and went into her bedroom, and the next morning was on her way.

Dr. Annan was sitting down to supper at night after a long, cold ride among his patients. Suddenly the bell rang.

"Well," he said, looking up wearily, as the servant entered. The girl put a small parcel into his hand, and went out again.

The doctor paused a moment. There was something in the dainty way in which the parcel was tied up—a delicate fragrance that reminded him of his own dream of happiness.

"What a fool I am!" he said suddenly; "that is dead and buried long ago. And yet, and yet—"

He did not finish the sentence; but thought how different it might have been if Miss Eno could have loved him. Mechanically he unknotted the parcel, and opened a little box contained. A bracelet, tied with yellow ribbon, lay before him.

After a few moments he rose and went to a desk, which he opened. In this desk was a secret drawer, and from that drawer he drew forth a second bracelet, also tied with yellow ribbon, the exact counterpart of the first. "Where did the parcel come from?" he asked, as the servant, whom he rang for, entered.

"From Mrs. Everett's."

[illegible]

